VOL. I. AUGUST, 1898. NO. 10.

# LITTLE FOLKS

## AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY FOR YOUNGEST READERS

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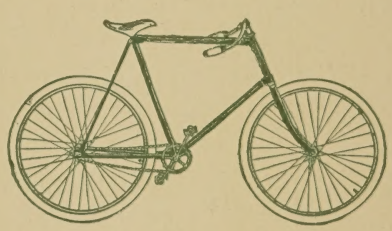

# LITTLE FOLKS.

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IN VACATION.

# LITTLE FOLKS

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## THE GOLDEN WINDOWS.

ALL day long the little boy worked hard, in field and barn and shed, for his people were poor farmers, and could not pay a workman; but every day at sunset there came an hour that was all his own, for his father had given it to him.

At sunset the little boy would go up to the top of a hill, and look across at another hill that rose some miles away. On this far hill stood a house with windows of clear gold and diamonds. They shone and blazed so that it made the little boy wink to look at them; but after awhile the people in the house put up shutters, as it seemed, and then it looked like any common farmhouse. The little boy supposed they did this because it was supper-time; and then he would go into the house and have his supper of bread and milk, and then to bed.

One day the little boy's father called him, and said, "You have been a good boy, and have earned a holiday. Take this day for your own; but remember that God gave the day, and try to learn some good thing."

The little boy thanked his father and kissed his mother. Then he put a piece of bread in his pocket, and started off to find the house with the golden windows. It was pleasant walking. His bare feet made marks in the white dust, and when he looked back, the footprints seemed to be following him, and making company for him. His shadow, too, kept beside him, and would dance or run with him as he pleased; so it was very cheerful.

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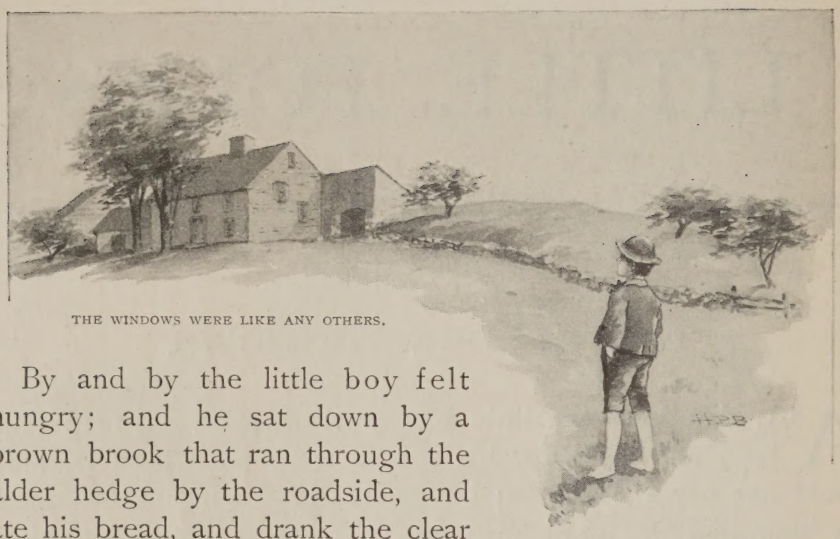


THE WINDOWS WERE LIKE ANY OTHERS.

By and by the little boy felt hungry; and he sat down by a brown brook that ran through the alder hedge by the roadside, and ate his bread, and drank the clear water. Then he scattered the crumbs for the birds, as his mother had taught him to do, and went on his way.

After a long time, the little boy came to a high green hill; and when he had climbed the hill, there was the house on the top; but he thought, at first, that the shutters were up, for he could not see the golden windows.

He went on, until he came near to the house, and then he could well have wept, for there were no shutters, the windows were of clear glass, like any others, and there was no gold anywhere about them.

A woman came to the door, and looked kindly at the little boy, and asked him what he wanted.

"I saw the golden windows from our hilltop," he said, "and I came to see them, but now they are only glass."

The woman looked at him wonderingly, and shook her head and laughed.

"We are poor farming people," she said, "and are not likely to have gold about our windows; besides, glass is better to see through."

She bade the little boy sit down on the broad stone step at the door, and brought him a cup of milk and a cake, and bade him rest. Then she called her daughter, a child of his

own age, and nodded kindly at the two, and went back to her work.

The little girl was barefooted like the little boy, and wore a brown cotton gown, but her hair was golden like the windows he had seen, and her eyes were blue like the sky at noon. She led the little boy about the farm, and showed him her black calf with the white star on its forehead; and he told her about his own calf at home, which was red like a chestnut, with four white feet.

Soon, when they had eaten an apple together, and so had become friends, the little boy asked the little girl about the golden windows.

"THERE IS THE HOUSE WITH THE GOLDEN WINDOWS," SAID SHE.

The little girl nodded, and said she knew about the golden windows, only he had mistaken the house.

"You have come quite the wrong way!" she said. "Come with me, and I will show you the house with the golden windows, and then you can easily go to it."

They went to a knoll that rose behind the farmhouse, and as they went the little girl told him that the golden windows could only be seen at a certain hour, just about that time of day, about sunset.

"Yes, I know that!" said the little boy.

When they reached the top of the knoll, the girl turned and pointed; and there on a hill far away stood a house with win-

dows of clear gold and diamond, just as he had seen them. And when the little boy had looked again, for some time, he saw that it was his own home.

Then he told the little girl that he must go; and he gave her his best pebble, the white one with the red band, that he had carried for a year in his pocket. And she gave him three horse-chestnuts, one red like satin, one spotted, and one white like milk. He kissed her, and promised to come again, but he did not tell her what he had learned. Then he went back down the hill, and the little girl stood in the sunset light and watched him.

The way home was long, and it was dark before the little boy reached his father's house, but the lamplight and firelight shone through the windows, making them almost as bright as he had seen them from the far hilltop; and when he opened the door, his mother came to kiss him, and his little sister ran to throw her arms around his neck, and his father looked up and smiled from his seat by the fire.

"Have you had a good day?" asked his mother.

Yes, the little boy had had a very good day.

"And have you learned anything?" asked his father.

"Yes!" said the little boy, "I have learned that our house has windows of gold and diamond."

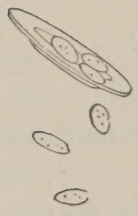
*Laura E. Richards.*

THE LAMPLIGHT AND FIRELIGHT SHONE THROUGH THE WINDOWS OF HOME.

## A LITTLE THING.

LITTLE girlie,
Little book,
Little cookies,
Little nook.

Little rustle,
Tiny squeak—
Awful hustle!
Monstrous shriek!



Big upsetting!
Great catouse!
Little, little,
Little

*Elizabeth S. Tucker.*

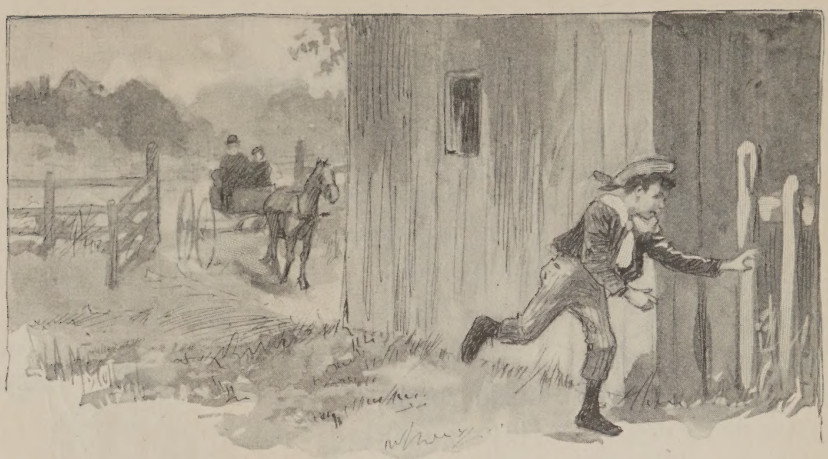
---

## QUEER.

SAID a little white Cloud to the deep blue Sea:
"If I were you and you were me,
You could sail up here, while I'd roar so loud!
What fun it would be!" said the little white Cloud.

A little school-girl came down to the shore
And listened to hear the big waves roar:
"How queer it seems that the deep blue Sea
And that little white Cloud are the same!" said she.

*Jennie Betts Hartswick.*



THEY SAW TOMMY RUN AROUND THE CORNER OF THE BARN.

## DONALD'S GOOD HEN.

CHAPTER IV. — DONALD GOES TO TOMMY'S HOUSE.

MRS. Burden did not think that Tommy Ballard had carried away the hen.

Little Oscar, too, who was playing with Jessie, on the floor, shook his head. "Curly Comb would cackle," he said. Then he made believe he was a hen, to amuse Jessie. Little Oscar had learned to cackle quite well, and to cluck and crow.

Yes, it did seem as though Curly Comb would have cackled and struggled had anyone tried to carry her off. Tommy might have found a box to put her in, and might have hidden the box under the wagon-seat, but Curly Comb would have made such a noise that Tommy's father would have heard her and asked questions!

But where was Curly Comb? Dorcas came out to help look for her, and so did Leah. And Levi left his work too, at times, and looked for her. Mr. Corey had gone away on business, to return the next afternoon, but Mrs. Corey joined in the search.

Donald sat up until after nine o'clock. But there came no news of Curly Comb, and Dorcas heard him sobbing after he had gone to bed.

Next morning Donald was up and dressed early. In the night it had come into his mind that Curly Comb might have strayed into the corn-house, or into the shed which Mr. Corey used for carpenter-work, and have been locked in by mistake.

But no! Curly Comb was not in either place.

It was a long hot day. About five o'clock, when Mr. Corey was expected to be on his way home, Donald was permitted to go to meet him. But by the time Mr. Corey appeared in the distance Donald had walked nearly two miles.

"What under the sun!" began good Mr. Corey, when he came up to the dusty little boy.

"Where's my Curly Comb?" asked Donald, climbing into the wagon.

"Curly Comb? Is she lost?"

"Yes, she is, and do you suppose Tommy Ballard carried her off?"

"Tommy? Why, no. His father has plenty of hens."

"Not like Curly Comb!" moaned Donald. "Tommy said he never saw a hen before that would cuddle down on a boy's arm, and do the nice things Curly Comb can. I think he's got her."

"Let me see," said Mr. Corey, after a moment. "Oh, I remember. I didn't see Tommy when he went. His father said Tommy had walked on a piece."

"Yes," cried Donald, "and while none of us were out there he put Curly Comb under his jacket and went away!"

Mr. Corey admitted that it was possible that Tommy had taken the hen. "But don't fret, Donald," he added, "I can get Curly Comb back, if he has. Mr. Ballard will give me the hen. I will go up and see about it in a day or two."

"In a day or two!" wailed Donald. "Can't you go to-night?"

"No, Donald. It's six miles up to Mr. Ballard's. You just be patient. The hen is all safe."

But the very next day Mr. Corey took time which he sorely needed for something else, and drove up to Mr. Ballard's, with Donald.

Tommy ran and hid when he saw the wagon coming through the gate. They saw him run around the corner of the barn.

Mr. Ballard was standing in the barn, in the doorway. When he heard Mr. Corey's errand, he looked astonished. But he said Tommy did bring home the hen. "Tommy told me that the little fellow—the little fellow you've got with you here—had given it to him," Mr. Ballard said. "I shall punish him for this—but that won't bring back the hen."

IT WAS CURLY COMB!

Donald gave out an agonized little cry.

"Why, haven't you *got* her?" he shrieked.

"Well, no, little boy," said Mr. Ballard, "I haven't. The fact is, your hen disappeared that very night. We looked everywhere for her the next morning. We thought that maybe she had travelled back to your house—though I never heard of a hen smart enough to do anything like that. But probably a fox, or owl, or something, was around and carried her off."

Donald could bear no more. He did not wish to cry before Mr. Ballard and Mr. Corey, and he turned and walked back to the wagon, with the big tears running down his red cheeks, and climbed up to the seat.

Mr. Corey came, after talking a little more with Mr. Ballard. He told Donald that he was afraid nobody would ever see poor Curly Comb again.

For three or four days Donald was almost ill. He wandered around the farm, always searching, searching, up in the pasture, and in all the sheds and barns, and in every odd corner.

After awhile he singled out one of the three or four whitest hens, and began to pet her. But she was not nearly so

amiable and sweet as Curly Comb, nor so bright and intelligent.

One Wednesday morning, just a week from the day when Curly Comb had disappeared, a very remarkable thing happened.

Donald had come out after breakfast, as usual, to feed the hens, when a big snow-white one came running toward him from the meadow, far in front of all the others. As she came nearer the building, she flew up into the air, toward Donald, as if to alight on his shoulder. Donald dropped his pan in a perfect tremble of ecstasy. It was Curly Comb! There was no doubt about it—safe and sound and prettier than ever.

Oh, how Donald, and all of them, wondered where she had been, and what she had been doing! And, strange to say, they found out. You could never imagine what had been the adventures of this lovely hen. Even when they are related, you will scarcely believe them, though the account of them is strictly true.

(TO BE CONTINUED.) *Kate Upson Clark.*

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## THE DIFFERENCE.

WEE Patsy jumps up on my knee;
She plays with the fringe of my shawl;
Her touches are soft as can be;
Then a treacherous scratch she gives me—
Pins hidden in velvet, withal!
But Patsy 's a kitten, you see.

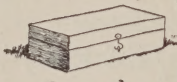
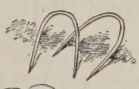
Wee Sue dances up in a whirl,
And climbs on my welcoming knee;
Her winsome caresses, they curl
Round my heart—they would capture a churl;
She never once plays false with me—
But Sue is a dear little girl.

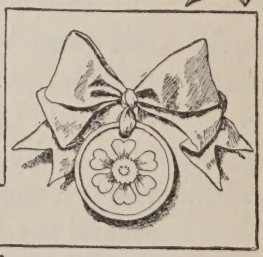
*Helen A. Hawley.*

# What did the Black Cat do? Guess!

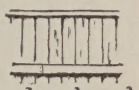
X

In the long sunshiny summer days, the children had many things to do out of doors. Every morning before the was high, they put on their big and went to work, with and and and , all in their gardens together, as busy as .

Near the gardens was a square plot of green smooth grass. "Just the place for croquet," said Papa. The next day a big  came by express, and the children took it out to the lawn. Tom set up the  and drove in the . The and were gaily striped. "You four shall play first," said Papa. "And the owner of the  that wins shall wear this



as a badge of honor." "Hurrah!" cried the four.

Tom chose a red ball, the color of a ripe Fred, a yellow one, like an Polly, brown like a , and Prissy, blue like her own . Then they began to play. Mama came out to see, and even the sat on the  and watched. It was great fun. Papa looked at his by and by. "Only five minutes to supper-time!" he said. The blue and the red were both for the last . Which would go through first? "It is Tom's turn," said Prissy, trying not to mind. And just then a little black streak came flying through the air, and the next minute the blue rolled through the and touched the  and the black streak went whisking away to the . "Prissy's ball wins!" cried everybody, shouting with laughter. And what had the Black Cat done? Guess!

Margaret Johnson

# ANOTHER HAPPY DAY.

(*The Booboo Stories.*)

OF COURSE DEAR DERRY DREW THEM.

AND there were more warm days and more warm days and then the peaches were ripe. All among the shining leaves the peaches hung round and ripe.

And the big Booboo and the little Booboo rode down the lane where the berries grew and into the big peach orchard.

They rode in the donkey cart, in the bright red donkey cart, and of course dear Derry drew them. Of all the little donkeys, that ever drew a cart, dear Derry was the wisest. More than any other pet the little Booboo loved Derry. And so would you if you knew him too. His eyes were kind and tender, and though he was so very small he could trot, trot, trot on his strong little legs and he never seemed to weary.

His coat was a mousey gray, and the hair on his funny little face was fuzzy, wuzzy, wuzzy. Oh, to look at his funny little, fuzzy little, wuzzy little face would make you smile I know.

And the big Booboo and the little Booboo rode down the lane, where the berries grew, and into the big peach orchard.

And the little Booboo climbed a step-ladder and picked peaches, oh, beautiful pink-cheeked peaches, and put them in a basket.

And the big Booboo climbed a step-ladder. (It was the same step-ladder.) And he picked peaches, oh, beautiful pink-cheeked peaches, and put them in a basket.

And the little Booboo said, "I'm going to take my basket of peaches to little Roggie Chamberlin."

And the big Booboo said, "I'm going to take my basket of peaches to little Reggie Chamberlin."

And the little Booboo said, "Oh, I love those dear little boys, papa, I love those dear little brothers."

And his father said, "Of course you do, the dear little boys, everybody does."

And when their baskets were full, they climbed down the ladder and jumped into the donkey cart, and away dear Derry trotted—trot, trot, trotted, till they came to—*the big stone house!*

THE LITTLE BOOBOO CLIMBED A STEP-LADDER.

And Robbie said, "Oh, there is Arabella swinging in her swing under the sycamore tree, and there is Araminta swinging in her swing under the sycamore tree!"

And they left dear Derry by the big iron gate, and went into the garden of flowers and up the walk to the big stone house.

And the big Booboo rang the door bell and very soon Arabella and Araminta's mama came to the door. (You know this dear mama, you've seen her before?)

And the little Booboo said, "I've come to see Arabella, and Arabella's little brothers, and I've come to see Araminta, and Araminta's little brothers, and I've brought them these baskets of peaches."

And Arabella and Araminta's mama said, "Come right in. They'll be glad to see you, and oh, oh what fine large peaches!"

And Robbie and his father went in with her, went into the parlor and waited.

And all at once they heard little voices talking, and little voices laughing, and then the door flew open and Roggie and Reggie ran into the room!

They were only twelve months old, those dear little boys, but they could run, and they could talk quite plainly.

Oh, but Roggie and Reggie were beautiful babies. You could look the world over, and you never would see finer little fellows!

And all at once they heard little voices talking, and little voices laughing and then the door flew open and Arabella and Araminta ran into the room!

And the big Booboo said to the little Booboo, "Well, I hope you'll have a good time to-day. Now I must go home and leave you."

And he went home alone in the donkey cart and Robbie stayed all day at the big stone house, he stayed all day and played!

*Gertrude Smith, author of "Arabella and Araminta Stories."*

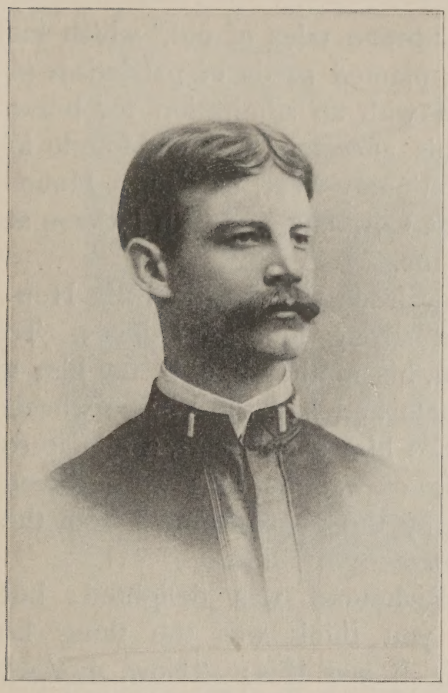
---

## A SURPRISE PARTY.

LITTLE Dame Trot, with a basket on her arm,
Went out to hunt for eggs, in the old red barn;
She found the nest, she found the hen,
She found the *shells*—and chickies ten!

*Mary B. Florence.*

# LIEUT. HOBSON AS A LITTLE BOY.



LIEUT. RICHMOND PEARSON HOBSON.

LITTLE folks, a hero is not made in a minute. No, you may depend upon it that it is the thorough doing each day of all the things one ought to do that grows the strength for the great deed.

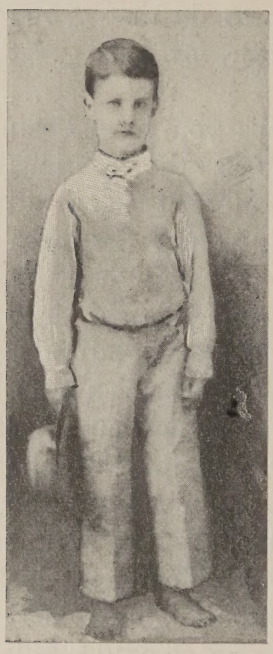
For weeks you have been hearing about the glorious deed of Lieutenant Richmond Hobson, a young Southern man in our navy; how he sailed an American ship into Santiago channel right under the guns of the Spanish forts, and blew her up and sunk her across the way, to shut the Spanish warships into the harbor inside. You know how the whole country cheered, and how the President sent his thanks. You know how even the Spanish Admiral, into whose hands Lieutenant Hobson and his seven brave comrades fell, praised the young American.

And now I will tell you how this bold young American was a good and loving little child at home, and a gentle and chivalrous boy at school.

His mother—Lieutenant Hobson's mother is a neighbor of mine—told me that it was "instinct," something natural to little Richmond and not taught him, never to leave her alone, but always to be at hand in case she should need him. He appointed himself his mother's body-guard when he was only a child. If kept in his law office, or in the court-room at evening,

his father could feel sure that little Richmond never left her. The other children went to bed at their usual time, but the little guardsman chivalrously sat at his mother's knee until his father came.

There is no doubt that the "brave tales of old," which his mother told him at these times, planted seeds of patriotism in the child's mind, and fired him with an admiration for brave deeds. These were stories of his ancestors, who had fought in the Revolutionary War, at King's Mountain, and at Cowpens, and with Jackson at New Orleans.



WHEN A BOY.

This chivalrous and gentle little Hobson had a strong love for animals. To please him, his mother bought for him a pair of goats and had the village wheelwright make him a goat-cart, a miniature of the big ox-wagons that were driven into town by the negro farmers from the plantations.

Little Richmond was delighted; but what do you think was the thing he said first? It was this: "Now, mother, I can do all your shopping, and bring everything home for you myself in my goat-wagon!"

And he did. Any day twenty years ago on the sunny streets of this old Alabama town of Greensboro one might see the hero-to-be trudging beside his goats like a veteran driver, popping his whip, and steering his wagon full of packages with about the same sense of responsibility as when he steered the Merrimac the other day and sunk her in just the right spot. Don't you know that his patient work with his little goat-team helped develop the hero's judgment?

As he grew to be a lad, and was in the Naval Academy at Annapolis, his moral courage and his physical courage proved to be well matched. You have read "Tom Brown at Rugby"?

You remember the gentle Christian little Arthur, and the rough-and-ready rugged Tom? Young Richmond had the fine qualities of both. His loyalty to his home-taught

LIEUT. HOBSON'S HOME, GREENSBORO, ALABAMA.

Christianity, while at Annapolis, got him the name among the boys of "The Parson."

One day young Hobson, with the rest of his class, was at the swimming-lesson. He was far out, along the rope, in the breakers. It would be almost sure drowning to lose hold of the rope. But it happened by some mischance that as Hobson pressed still further out he met a classmate coming in, clinging for life to the rope. They two were alone out there in the breakers.

The two lads looked into each other's eyes. It was a hard moment for the youngsters. Safe passage along the rope for both was nearly an impossibility.

Hobson gave way to his classmate, keeping the merest touch on the rope. But somehow at the moment of the boy's passing him even this slight hold gave way, and he sank in the breakers.

The boy left on the rope got in, and sent aid. Hobson was brought to shore. All supposed he was dead, but he revived finally.

"Nobody could have come out of it alive but Hobson," was the general cry. "He is a tough fellow to stand that!" And from that day he was known among his classmates as "Parson Tough."

You can see even from this brief account how all along, from a little child up, Richmond Hobson has been growing to be a hero.

*Martha Young.*

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## LITTLE AH SING.

LITTLE Ah Sing is a pretty thing, and so in the mornings he
Goes out by the wall,
Where the blossoms grow tall,
While his mother is taking her tea.

Little Ah Sing is a pretty thing, and so he never has thought
Why his mother takes tea
In the morning, while we
Want ours at five o'clock.

Little Ah Sing is a pretty thing, and so, though he isn't dumb,
He does not speak
More than once a week
To any chrysanthemum.

Little Ah Sing is a pretty thing, and so he makes no noise,
But stands in the sun
To take his fun,
Which seems odd to white little boys.

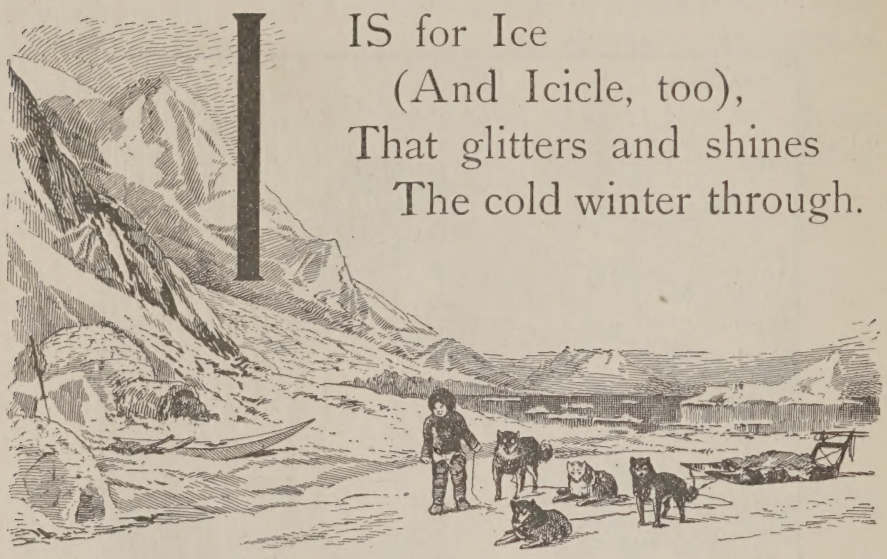
Little Ah Sing is a pretty thing, and so he does not mind
That like the Chinese
Who live over the seas
His hair's in a queue behind.

HE STANDS AND GROWS.

Little Ah Sing is a pretty thing, and so in the mornings he goes
And stands by the wall
Where the blossoms grow tall,
And there he stands and grows!

*Minna Caroline Smith.*

# THE ALPHABET BEAUTIFUL



I IS for Ice
(And Icicle, too),
That glitters and shines
The cold winter through.

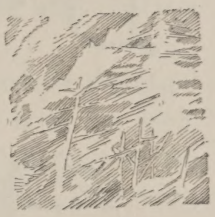
*(Mama's Ice Talk.)*

ONE hot day, when the ice clinked coolly in the children's glasses, I asked how many kinds of ice they knew about.

"I've skated on pond and river ice, like this," said Tom, tapping his tumbler, "I know about that." "And I know about snow for snow-balls," cried Will. "And there's the beautiful frost that makes the grass white, and makes pictures on the pane," said Dot. "And I've picked up the hail that falls in thunder-showers," said Will. "And I've seen a cake of ice made in an ice machine," said Tom—"a great clear cake, with a bunch of roses frozen in the centre!"

"Isn't it odd," said I, "that while we use ice to keep us cool in summer, the Eskimo use ice to keep them warm in winter!" "Are their snow houses really warm?" asked Tom. "Oh, yes," said I, "so very warm that, when the seal-oil lamps are lighted, the Eskimo children take off their furs and go naked, even in mid-winter.

"And just as their ice houses keep the Eskimo warm, so our winter snows keep the earth warm—the deeper the snow, the snugger and safer the tree-roots and plants and grasses. The Bible verse, 'He scattereth snow like wool,' means just this. God spreads the snow like a great blanket over the world, and so keeps the warmth in."



A FROSTED PANE.

"And there's icebergs," said Will. "Yes," said I, "and the great glaciers or ice-sheets of high mountains and Arctic regions. Greenland, sixteen hundred miles long and six hundred wide, is covered by one vast glacier a thousand feet thick; and the still greater Antarctic continent, around the South Pole, is buried under a still greater ice-sheet, which is perhaps a mile thick. The explorer Ross sailed there for three hundred miles along a wall of ice which rose two hundred feet straight up from the ocean!"

"POND ICE."

# BABY-SWEET'S DREAM.

By
Bertha E. Bush.

BABY–SWEET rolled over on her pillow, and doubled up her two little fists close to her chin; her little lips began to twitch in a very queer funny way—and then Baby-sweet was fast asleep.

Pretty soon Baby-sweet's soft rosy mouth curled up into the sweetest little curve, and smiles rippled all over her warm little face. Baby-sweet was dreaming.

THE DREAM CAT

Baby-sweet dreamed that she was sitting on her own little blue-and-white cushion on the porch. And there came along a soft little kitty. And the kitty stopped, and said, "O you dear little baby! Would you like to play with me? I will not scratch." And she played with the kitty a long time, and pulled her tail, and stroked her fur, and the kitty purred and did not scratch.

Baby-sweet dreamed that there came along a shaggy black dog. And the dog stopped, and said, "O you dear little baby! Would you like to pull my ears? I will not bite." And she

THE DREAM DOG.

pulled his ears, and poked her soft little fingers into his eyes and his great red mouth, and the dog wagged his tail and did not bite.

And then Baby-sweet dreamed that there came a little fat bird, and that she reached out her hands to the bird, and said, "kitty, kitty." (This is the only word Baby-sweet knows, excepting "mama.") And she dreamed that the bird said, "O you dear little baby! Would you like me to sing for you?" And she dreamed that the bird hopped close to her, and stood, and sang her a pretty song.

THE DREAM BIRD.

And then Baby-sweet dreamed that there came a good old white cow, and said, "O you dear little baby! Would you like to pat my head? I will not hurt you with my horns." And she dreamed that the good old white cow put down her head and held it very still, and that she put up her hand and patted the cow between her eyes, and the cow did not hurt her with her horns, but said to her, "O, you dear little baby, would you not like some milk?"

THE DREAM COW.

And then while the good old white cow still stood there, Baby-sweet heard her pretty mama's voice say, "O my dear little baby! Are you awake, or are you laughing in your sleep?"

And then Baby-sweet opened her blue eyes. There was her mama standing beside her little crib, with a bib, and a brimming silver cup of milk in her hand.

*Bertha E Bush.*

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## THE TWO IOWA BOYS.

ROCKS were curiosities to Edgar and Lewis Hall. Back in Eastern Iowa, where they had always lived until now, there were no stones of any size.

But in their new home, here in Nebraska, there were some rocks—a very few. These were of wondrous interest to the two little fellows. A boy living on their street, who was going to the Preparatory School, told them of some more, much bigger ones, north of the town, that had been brought to the spot by a glacier—a great sheet of ice that slid over the country ages ago until it grew so warm that it melted and dropped these rocks from the North on the stoneless prairies. He called the rocks "boulders."

One Saturday the Q street boys formed a party, in honor of the two Iowa boys, to visit these boulders. The Iowa boys filled their school satchels with potatoes to roast in hot ashes, as their share of the lunch, and took each a hammer and a hatchet so as to bring back "specimens."

After crossing a salt creek which had white crusts of alkali on its banks—another curiosity to Edgar and Lewis—they tramped over an immense plain dotted with hay-stacks, and at last came to another creek, with a high bank, and there the great boulders were, sticking up out of the ground, some of them taller than any boy in the party.

"How much do they weigh? How deep do they go into the ground?" asked the Iowa youngsters of the Preparatory Boy, but he couldn't tell. They hammered until their hammers were spoiled, but could knock off no good specimens. Meantime, the bleak wind that sweeps over the prairies in the fall made fingers numb and faces blue, and it was soon decided to be time to build the fire and put the potatoes roasting.

But lo! there wasn't a stick of wood, or a splinter, in sight! This seemed very queer to the Iowa boys, brought up in the midst of forests! After much hunting a piece of a board and some willow twigs were found on the creek bank.

And now, where should the fire be built? There was no good sheltered nook. The native boys said they were afraid of starting a prairie fire that might burn the hay-stacks.

Edgar and Lewis never had seen grass burn. Iowa blue-grass doesn't burn. But they had read about "fighting fire on the prairies." The settlers always, in the stories, set "back fires" that burned back against the "wall of fire" that was going to destroy all they had. So Edgar proposed they burn a little place, and then build the roasting fire in the middle. The other boys didn't object, for they had never eaten potatoes roasted out-of-doors.

In a moment Lewis had touched a match to the dry grass. It burned at once, finely. In a second there was a round black patch, just right—only it went on spreading out in all directions.

The boys watched it a moment, then with one impulse all jumped on the fire to stamp it out. But the wind jumped on it too, and the blaze fairly ran through the grass. The line of flame was soon too long for the boys to cover it, and leaped higher every second, so that in five minutes or less they had a sure-enough prairie fire!

Every boy of the party was scared. The Preparatory Boy, whose father was a lawyer, cried, "They'll sue us! Let's run!"

THEY BEAT THE FLAMES WITH THEIR COATS.

But the others were plucky. With caps, satchels, hands, and the piece of board, they pounded on the fire and tried to catch up with it. They yelled, too, for help. A wagon drawn by horses on the run dashed up. Three men were in it, and they leaped down, crying, "Off with your coats, boys, and wet them in the creek!" and ran down to the water to wet their own.

The dripping jackets put out a great patch of blaze at every flap, leaving a smoking black spot. The boys pounded and fought as if killing snakes. Indeed, the fire did act like a

cage of snakes let loose, wriggling and shooting here and there wherever the grass was high.

After a quarter of an hour of hard work the fire was out. Only one small haycock had been burned. But the boys were in a sorry condition. Lewis had his hair all burned off in front. Several pairs of eyebrows and eyelashes were singed. Faces were scorched red, hands were black with smoke and cinders. Coats and caps dripped inky water. The men had to laugh at the appearance of the forlorn little crowd, even while scolding them. They said it was lucky that the wind had driven the blaze toward the creek, or there would have been a hundred tons of hay to pay for. The little Iowa boys stood and trembled in their shoes, though nobody said it was they with their potatoes who were to blame.

By back streets and alleys the Q street boys arrived home, shortly after dinner. There was an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" show that afternoon, but at least two boys did not go—the two boys from Iowa who never before had seen rocks.

*Ernest R. Holmes.*

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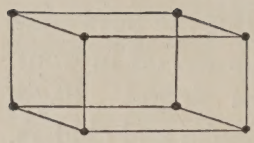
## CHIP SPARROW.

IN sky-colored coats sing the Blue-birds glad choir;
The Gold-robin warbles in waistcoat of fire;
But poor Chippy Sparrow's a plain little thing—
She has no fine feathers, no song can she sing;
"*Chip*, *chip*," and "*Chip*, *chip*," is the one only note,
A chirp like a Cricket's, that stirs her gray throat;
"*Chip*, *chip*," flying down to my doorway she comes;
"*Chip*, *chip*," how politely she asks me for crumbs!
"*Chip*, *chip*," in my rose-bush her small nest she makes.
"*Chip*, *chip*," and what care in its weaving she takes!
"*Chip*, *chip*," O, how fondly she talks with her mate,
And cares for her little ones early and late!
What bird but for beauty or song ranks above her,
Yet, plain Chippy Sparrow, we all of us love her!

*Marian Douglas.*

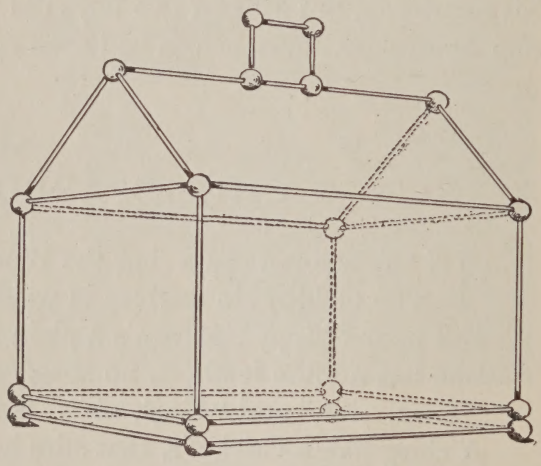
# A STICK-AND-PEA HOUSE.



PLAN OF OBLONG BOX.

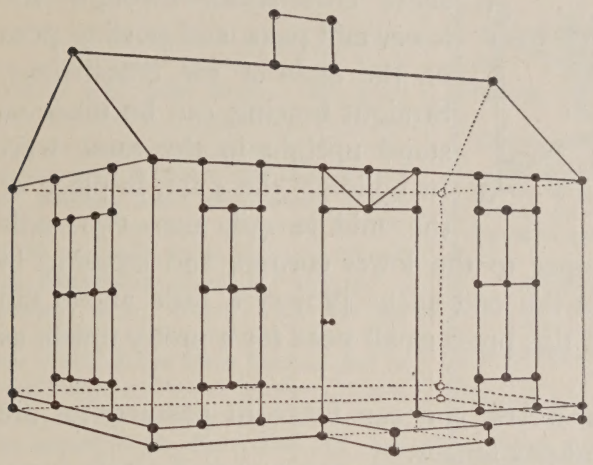
SOME vacation day in August, the children who like to "make things" will enjoy building a stick-and-pea house. Soak the peas in water over night, and dry them an hour before using. Have the sticks ready, and a pen-knife for cutting and pointing them.

You had best build a plain easy house at first—just the four walls, with underpinning, roof, and chimney. You start with an oblong box. The small "plan" shows the way to build the box part of the house. Next, make an extra bottom for the box, just the size of the first, and pin the corner peas of the second bottom to the corner peas of the first bottom with very short sticks. You can, if you like, let the four corner sticks of the house project through the bottom peas enough to stick into the peas of the extra bottom—instead of using short sticks to fasten it on. The second bottom really forms the underpinning, as you can see in the picture. Your easy house is now ready for the roof. Into the four corner peas at the top set four sticks, about as long as the end sticks of the top. Slant the pair of sticks at each end of the house until their tops touch, and on each double point press a pea. Now cut a stick just as long as the side of the house, put two peas, a little apart, at the centre of the stick, and then set it in place for the ridge-pole. This finishes the roof. The two peas in the middle of



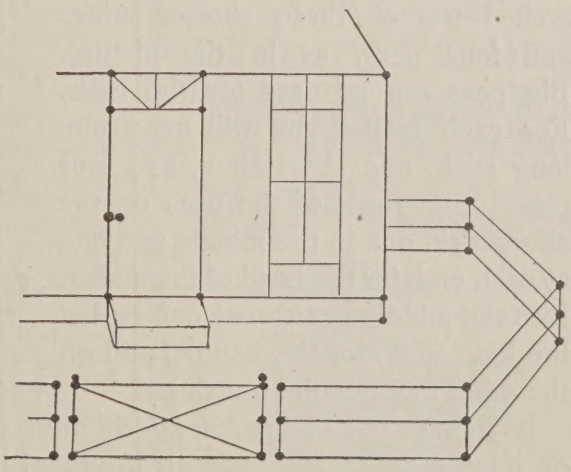
THE PLAIN EASY HOUSE.
(Dotted sticks and peas show back side and farther end.)

the ridge-pole are to hold the chimney, which is made of three short sticks and two peas. The chimney completes the plain easy house, as in the picture.



PLAN OF HOUSE WITH DOOR, DOOR-STEP AND WINDOWS.

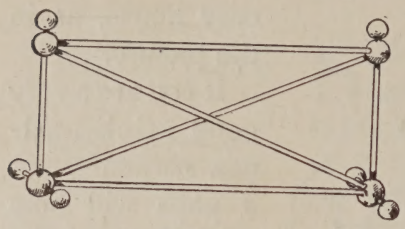
If you are a very good stick-and-pea carpenter, or if papa will help you, you can build a house with a door, a door-step, and windows, as shown in the "plan." In making the box part for a house with doors and windows, you should, before putting the box together, slip on the top and bottom sticks pairs of peas to hold the side-sticks of doors and windows, as in the "plan." Each window, with side-sticks extended to top and bottom of box part of house, and with cross-sticks to mark the panes, should be put together, then the lower ends of the side-sticks set in the peas ready for them, the roof lifted a little, and the upper ends of the side-sticks put in place. I should not be surprised if a very clever papa should add a veranda, and maybe a bay window, too.



PLAN OF FENCE AT FRONT AND END OF HOUSE.

And when the house is completed, it will be easy to build a three-rail fence around it, in the way shown in the "plan." A

fence with one or more corners, or turns, will stand upright of itself. You can make a gate that will stand by itself, by slipping short cross-sticks through the lower end peas, and putting peas on the ends of the cross-sticks. Straight fencing can be made to stand upright in the same way. In building the gate, in place of the middle rail, use two rails running from the upper to the lower corners and crossing in the centre. Also let the end sticks project a little above the top peas, and on the tips press small peas for a pretty finish, as in the picture.

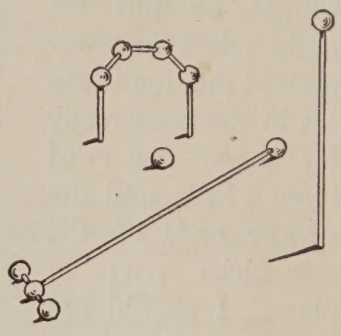


THE GATE.

If you have a Noah's Ark, you can fence in pastures for the animals with stick-and-pea fences.

After the hard work of house-building, you can make a croquet-set with sticks and peas. It is much easier than a house.

For the starting-post (and the turning-post is just like it), take a long stick and put one pea on the end which is to be the top. Each wicket is made of two upright side-sticks, with an arched top of three shorter sticks and four peas, as in the picture. Big peas can be used for the balls. For each mallet you will need one long stick, one short stick, and four peas. Slip three of the peas on the short stick, one in the middle and one at each end, for the head of the mallet. Into the middle pea thrust one end of the long stick, for the handle, and on the other end put the fourth pea.



CROQUET-POST, WICKET, BALL AND MALLET.

If you are one of the happy children who have sand-tables, or if you can find a smooth sandy place out of doors, you can set up your posts and wickets, and really play a game of croquet.

*C. S. P.*

# WHAT SHALL CHILDREN READ?

(*Mothers' Department.*)

MORE VACATION BOOKS.

VACATION is the time when children can go all over the world if their mothers will take them. The very best book to read to them when they are beginning to learn something of life outside of their own homes is one that is used in many schools, Jane Andrews's *Seven Little Sisters* (Lee and Shepard, $1.00). Your child comes in from play, or school, and says something about a "nigger," a "Dutchman," or a "Dago." Do not say anything about "calling names," but read the story aloud of the little Eskimo girl or the brown baby, or Pen-se in her Chinese house-boat. Afterward read another story, from the sequel book, *Each and All* (Lee and Shepard, $1.00), that shows how children all over the world are helping one another without knowing it; that the brown child in the Andes is gathering the bark to make the quinine which cures a black child in Africa of chills and fever; and that Pen-se is raising silkworms that spin silk for the blue ribbon that the little German Louise puts on the Christmas-tree in the Far West for a little neighbor who is poorer than she is. After children have heard these stories, they are ready to hear in your good-night talk that all boys and girls, white, brown, yellow, black or red, are children of one Father and should treat each other like brothers and sisters.

After the story of Agoonack, the little Eskimo, has been read, and the children ask for more about the long Northern winters, try Schwatka's *Children of the Cold* (Cassell, $1.25), and bits of Dr. Kane's *Arctic Explorations* and Nansen's *Farthest North* from the public library. They will be building snow-houses of blocks, and living on blubber in imagination for weeks. Tell them about the dogs that draw the Arctic sledges, and the St Bernards that rescue travellers in the snow in Switzerland. Before long you will see the family skye, or cocker, or fox-terrier, with a bottle tied around his neck, by the side of a small figure in a golf-cape with the hood drawn over its head, trotting valiantly forth to find another figure lying

(*Continued on page ii.*)

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THE MAGEE
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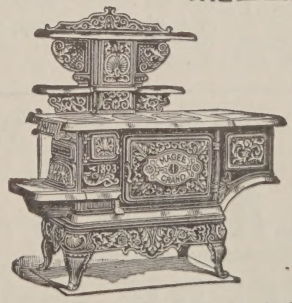

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MAGEE FURNACE COMPANY, Makers, BOSTON.

under heaps of leaves or clothes from the line; or else he will be struggling with a a twine harness in front of a row of chairs where his little master or mistress is cracking a whip. "He who has his own world has many worlds more," and children who can play at life in strange countries never lack for amusement.

Frank Stockton's *Personally Conducted* (Scribner, $2.00) is a good book of travel to read with children; and though many of the ways of going from place to place in dear Jacob Abbott's *Rollo's Tour in Europe* are old-fashioned, all the Rollo books are full of sense and information. We all know our London, our Paris and our Rhine better for having read them. The ten volumes may be out of print, but De Wolfe, Fiske & Co. re-published them not many years ago, and they are in public libraries. We who laugh at the mistakes of English travellers in this country often forget our own ignorance of English geography. It is easy to follow a route on a map even with little children, and a child brought up with a small atlas, such as you can buy for twenty-five cents, learns many things that are not in the school geographies. Scudder's *Bodley Books* (Houghton & Mifflin, 8 volumes, $1.50 each) are full of bits of history and geography, ballads and songs.

If the children are still eager to hear of child-life in many countries get them Marietta Ambrosi's *Italian Child-Life* (Lothrop, 75c.) an Italian girl's story of her own childhood, or Yan Phou Lee's *When I Was a Boy in China* (Lothrop, 60c.), or a book that is a little harder to find, Ayrton's *Child-Life in Japan*, published in London by Griffith at $1.20. If you cannot get this, there is Mae St. John Bramhall's *Wee Ones of Japan* (Harper & Brothers, 70c.), in which you can find some things to read to children, though the style is not adapted to young readers.

The magazines and illlustrated papers are full of entertaining sketches of travel where a mother can glean interesting bits to tell or read to children, and the pictures of costumes or scenes in far-away countries will give endless amusement if the little people are allowed to cut them out and mount them in scrap-books, or on sheets of manilla paper to be kept together in covers, tied by ribbons run through holes punched in one side.

*Caroline M. Hewins.*

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY. }

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of September, A. D. 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON,
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**Twenty-five cents a bottle.**

## Stops the Whoop in a Few Doses.

# DELAVAU'S REMEDY

Eases expectoration, checks and cuts short the dreaded Whooping Cough.

**For Whooping Cough, Croup and the Ordinary Colds.**

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ALBANY, MO.

*Dear Little Folks:*—I am not a little girl, but am twelve years old, yet I like to read your letters through.

I would rather read than do anything else, so for that reason my presents are generally books. I have six cats and a dog. I like them very much. I did have three pigeons, but one died and I gave the other two to my little neighbor. I had a squirrel, but it died too.

*Frances Allan.*

NIOBRARA, NEB.

*Dear Little Folks:*—I am nine years old. I think you are a very nice little magazine for children. We Lawbrigger children are going to have a nice flower garden this year. We sent off for a lot of flower-seed, and if we succeed at it we will tell you about it. We Lambrigger children have a teeter-tatter board. We enjoy teetering on it very much.

Niobrara has a packing-house, a meat market, and nine stores, and a large brick schoolhouse with four large rooms in it. The schoolhouse is up on a hill south of town. "Curly Pate," your letter in the February Letter Bag is very nice for a little girl like you to write. I think, LITTLE FOLKS, you are *very* interesting for children, and we are all pleased with you! Each one of us Lambrigger girls have a light complexion, but Bonnie Nora has golden hair and brown eyes. Papa, Rossie, Claudia and I have blue eyes. Baby-sister just about goes crazy over pictures of babies and cats and all pretty things. We got a checker board and checkers for Christmas, and we all like to play on the board very much. We had our Christmas at home, for we liked it better than to go to a Christmas-tree.

*Nellie B. Lambrigger.*

SOUTH LINCOLN, MASS.

*Dear Little Folks:*—I have a dog Dot, and he scratched my chin today. I want a wheel, but they do not grow where I live, in South Lincoln, Mass. I am a girl of seven years of age. I do not go to school, but I study at home. I study geography, arithmetic, spelling-book, writing, reading and meanings of words. I have been taking you since November. Good-bye, LITTLE FOLKS love.

*Ruth Hall.*

PORTLAND, OREGON.

*Dear Little Folks:*—I have been camping among the mountains of Central Oregon, and I often see things in camp that I know you would like to hear about. The other day I saw *such* a big eagle's nest in the top of a cotton-wood tree; and the pen I am writing with is made of an eagle's feather, that one of my little girls found near our camp while playing. There are rattlesnakes too, and I have the rattles of two of them that we have killed this summer, hanging above the trunk which I use for a writing table.

*H. K. E.*

JANESVILLE, PENN.

*Dear Little Folks:*—I am nine years old. My sister takes you. She is six years old. I live in a little mining town in Pennsylvania, two miles from Hazleton. I like you very much. My sister likes the Black Cat stories. I like the story about "Bee" the best.

*Margaret Rood.*

NORTH BAY.

*Dear Little Folks:*—My sister Minnie takes you, and I think you are the dearest and sweetest little magazine going. I am seven years old. I go to school every day. I am in the Part-Second book. My birthday comes on the 2nd of June. I think LITTLE FOLKS is the best paper published!

*Lillie Mulligan.*

KANSAS CITY, MO.

*Dear Liltle Folks:*—After reading your little story of "Totsey's Ducksies" I thought I would tell you another true duckling story; it occurred no longer ago than last summer.

The mother of three little girls, Ruth, Elizabeth and Rachel, had been given a setting of ducks' eggs, six white and six a beautiful peagreen, and these eggs in the course of time produced eleven little ducklings—the hen broke one egg. Six of the ducklings were a beautiful yellow, and five were yellow with brown on their backs.

One day a quick shower came up, and it caught the ducklings, who ran peeping about and holding up their heads to catch the raindrops. Pretty soon the drops came larger and knocked over first one little fellow and then another. When mama and the little girls saw them there were five or six lying on their backs and more going over, their little feet beating the air most pitifully.

The children's mother started out in the rain to get them; and the children, overcome with horror at their ducksies' predicament, began screaming at the top of their voices, giving a long-drawn shriek whenever another one went over and began beating the air with his little feet. And Elizabeth, feeling her school training and noticing a similarity in the steady beat of the little feet on the air (not empty but full of falling raindrops)—Elizabeth kept screaming out while the big tears ran down her face, "*Right, left! right, left!*" till the last duckling was gathered in her mother's protecting apron and brought into the house. Wasn't Elizabeth funny?

*Jessie Carter.*

*Dear Little Folks:*—I am a little boy and I was eight years old this June, which is just past. I love the LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE—its pretty, pretty pictures and its interesting stories. I want to tell the readers of The Letter Bag of the nice time I had with my mama and friends down in St. Joseph, Michigan, last summer. Every day we went bathing. We had peaches, apples and pears, only they weren't very ripe. We saw little frogs hopping around in the grass.

*Robert Howe.*

"WHAT SHALL WE DO NEXT?"

ONE mother thought that she had used all the ideas in her head, thinking up new plays to amuse her little children, Ralph, Coleman and Margaret. For they would always come and say, after playing only a little while the play she had planned for them, "*Now* what shall we do?"

This bright summer morning nothing which they had at hand suited. They did not even like the sand-pile, which so often had been a good friend when all other resources failed. "*Please* think of something for us to do, mama," said all three. And the mama thought, and thought, and thought!

Then she went to a closet and found a box of wooden tooth-picks. With Coleman, Ralph and Margaret tripping after her, she went into the garden, and to an apple-tree, where the apples had been falling. Under this tree she took up a good-sized apple. She stuck in the apple four tooth-picks for legs; a shorter one for a tail; and a small apple, which she joined to the larger one by a very short tooth-pick, made a head; into this head she put two short tooth-picks for horns. Then she said, "*I* have made a cow; see what *you* can make!" and left them.

Never a child's step did she hear inside the house until she called them to dinner, when Ralph came in bringing a "man." He had used a small apple for a head and a larger one for a body. Coleman brought a three-legged stool to show and Margaret, having filled an apple full of tooth-picks, displayed to her mother a dreadfnl porcupine.

After dinner, the children hurried back to the apple-tree, where all the afternoon they made beds and chairs and tables and dogs and spiders, and cats and mice and brownies and other things. This they did day after day, so that their mother did not have to think of anything new for them to do for a long time.

*Ency Coleman Caryl.*


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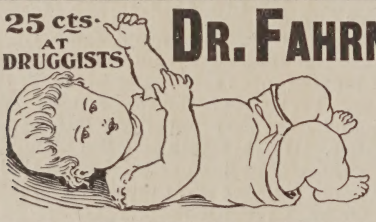

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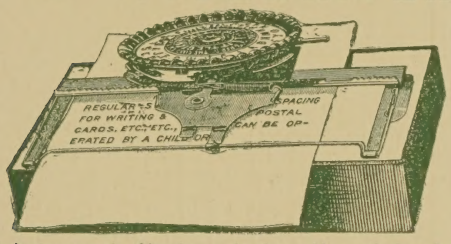


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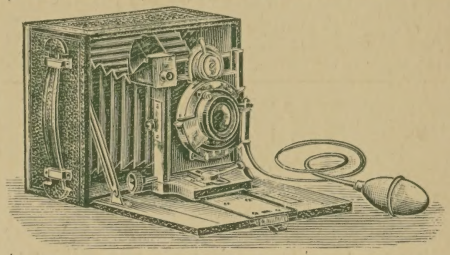

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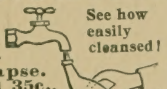

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